

# MYSTICUS YOGA FAITH OF EAST INDIA

## WHICH HAS ROBBED AN AMERICAN CITIZEN OF A DEVOTED WIFE

"YOU are my affinity no longer."

It was with these words that Mrs. W. E. Stone abandoned husband, children, home, country, and friends—gave up her position as a leader of the exclusive society of Lafayette, Ind., where, as the wife of the president of Purdue University, she reigned a queen, in an atmosphere of refinement and culture, amid an educational environment beyond and above that of the ordinary mortal, where, it seemed, she possessed all of this world's goods that normal mind could crave.

And she accepted, in the place of all this, a life of semi-barbarity, among the mystics, the fakirs, and the dervishes of East India, where, as a devotee of a weird, intangible faith which is called the Yoga, she may satisfy her heart's desire in the contemplation of the occult and the supernatural.

"You are my affinity no longer." How many, when they read Mrs. Stone's last words to her husband, smiled a knowing smile, and thought, "Another man."

But in her final message, Mrs. Stone sounded the keynote of her new religion. In it she gave the epitome of the faith which she has adopted as hers. There is no other man, because a true Yoga has no place for mortal love.

In its stead, there is the self-satisfaction gained from a life consecrated to a deity that the followers of the cult are pleased to term the Supreme Being. They voluntarily absolve themselves from human passions, and one of their first teachings is the renunciation of all mundane ties. It is in this way only that they prepare themselves for the life that is to come.

It was in Germany that Mrs. Stone wrote her farewell note to her husband in Indiana. It was in Indiana, however, that she gained her first knowledge of the Yoga, which was made the subject of an interesting study among her friends. They, however, treated the matter lightly, little thinking that the strange faith would make such a deep impression upon one of their number.

On going abroad, however, Mrs. Stone improved her opportunity to study further the religion, and it was in the Old World that it so obsessed her mind as to make her careless of the happiness of the loved ones whom she had left behind in her native country.

Mrs. Stone said in her parting letter that she intended going at once into East India, that she might take up the life of the mystics who, throughout the centuries that they have practiced their queer customs, have care-

fully preserved the secrets of the power which permits them to perform so many seeming miracles.

### A Weird Religion.

It is a weird religion, that of the Yoga, known in its generic form, but, in its many mysterious ramifications, regarded in awesome ignorance. That these fakirs do perform some wonderful and seemingly impossible feats, is attested by numerous reputable witnesses. But the power behind all this is still a mystery, clothed in the impenetrable shroud of occultism that only the East Indian can employ.

To the Caucasian, the self-abnegation required to arrive at the perfect state that the Yoga asserts is theirs, seems impossible of attainment. The marvelous concentration of mind which, it is said, is necessary, appears beyond accomplishment. Yet the Yoga says that they have full mastery over this indomitable will force, and, in this mastery, lies the power which enables them to govern all things material, even to the irrefragable law of gravitation.

The basis of the Yoga faith is concerned chiefly in teaching the principles of creation. They believe that man is the highest purpose of all being, and, indeed, is a part of the deity, sent upon earth for a trial of faith. They believe that when man becomes sufficiently purified from the lower and grosser elements, he returns again to his original source.

### Belief of the Yoga.

The circle of existence thus imagined is looked upon as a road which all must travel, and this image is kept ever before them, throughout life. It is believed, therefore, that when their self-imposed trials of abnegation are performed stoically, they have gained their end, and are equal in all respects to the Supreme Being, whom they worship.

The main object of the Yoga is to establish a doctrine of a Supreme Being, and to teach the means by which the human soul may become permanently united with it. This Supreme Being is defined as a particular spirit who is untouched by affections, works, the results of works or desires; in whom the germ of omnipotence reaches its supreme limit, and who is the preceptor of even the first, because he is not limited by time. His appellation is Om.

To attain the concentration which leads to union of the soul with the Supreme Being, eight stages are necessary. These are self-control, religious observation, postures, regulation of the breath, restraint of the senses, steadying of the mind, meditation and profound contemplation.

### Self-Control and Religion.

The first stage, self-control, consists in not doing injury to living beings, veracity, avoidance of theft, chastity and non-acceptance of gifts.

The second stage, religious observance, comprises external, as well as internal purity, contentment, austerity, muttering of the Vedic hymns and devoted reliance on the Supreme Being.

The third stage, of Yoga postures of various sorts, is regarded as essential to those following.

The fourth stage, regulation of the breath, is three-fold, according as it concerns exhalation and inhalation, or becomes tantamount to the suspension of the breath.

The fifth stage, the strength of the senses, means the diversion or withdrawal of the senses from their respective objects, and their entire accommodation to the nature of the mind.

This stage is preparatory to the sixth, or the steadying of the mind, which means the freeing of the mind from any sensual disturbance, by fixing the thoughts upon some part of the body, usually the tip of the nose.

### Meditation and Contemplation.

Meditation, the seventh stage, is the fixing of the mind on the one object of knowledge, the Supreme Being, to exclude all other thoughts.

The eighth, or last stage, profound contemplation, is the perfect absorption of thought into the one object, the Supreme Being; it is devoid of all thought, even of meditation. In such a state a Yogi is insensible to heat and cold, to pleasure and pain; he is the same in prosperity and adversity; he enjoys an ecstatic condition.

The last three stages are generalized as restraint, because, upon their perfection, depend the wonderful results which are promised to a Yogi when he applies them to the contemplation of special objects. Such results are, for instance, a knowledge of the past and future, a knowledge of the sounds of all animals, of all that has happened in one's former births, of the thoughts of others, of the time of one's own death, a knowledge of all stars and planets, of the structure of one's own body.

### Their Eight Great Powers.

There are eight great powers which a Yogi still accomplishes when properly regulating his knowledge—the power of shrinking into the form of the minutest atom, of becoming extremely light, of becoming extremely heavy, of unlimited reach of the organs, of irresistible will, of obtaining perfect dominion over everything, of changing the course of nature, and, lastly, of going anywhere at will.

If the Yogi apply his knowledge to the contemplation of the smallest division of time, and the successive order in which such divisions occur, he obtains a discrimination which enables him to understand the subtle elements and to see all objects at once.

When his intellect has become free of all considerations of self, and his spirit no longer is subject to the re-



"You are my affinity no longer," wrote Mrs. W. E. Stone to her husband, Prof. Stone, of Indiana.

"Why?" the world asks—"Another man?"

No. She is a convert to East India religion, which knows no mortal love and it is called Yoga.

At Jacolliot's request, the fakir turned the vase stop, move, and stop again. Then, Jacolliot demanded that the metal tones should sound again at the end of ten seconds, and the phenomenon was repeated at the exact moment, which he noted by his own watch. He asked that the sounds should keep time to the tune of a music box, which he wound up for the purpose. This requirement, too, was fulfilled.

### Buried For Three Months.

Other demonstrations of the Yoga, even more startling and seemingly more impossible, have been recorded. Sir Claude Wade, in company with several English army officers, witnessed a demonstration at Lahore, India, that even more fully demonstrated the power of the fakir to suspend life in his own body. This fakir was buried quite naturally in a grave dug for the purpose, and the earth was piled in upon him. Sir Claude took every precaution against the body being disturbed, keeping a guard about the grave constantly.

At the expiration of three months, the time specified for the end of the demonstration, he superintended the disinterment of the man, who, when

the earth had been removed, walked from the grave alive and well. During the interim, he had been hermetically sealed, and had had nothing to eat or drink, thus proving beyond the question of a doubt, his ability to suspend breathing and animation at will.

### Other Demonstrations.

Other familiar demonstrations of the Yogi are the throwing of a rope into the air, the demonstrator climbing up to an invisible height, finally vanishing completely; the appearance and disappearance of the operator at will before his audience; the ability to withstand the application of hot irons and sword thrusts with seeming indifference, and the control that enables him to pose for hours at a time. In apparently cramped conditions, without the movement of a muscle, while Mrs. Stone has gone to spend the remainder of her life among the people of the East, and perhaps to become an adept herself, her husband, grieving for her loss, is so broken in health that he is considering the necessity of resigning from the presidency of Purdue and leaving Lafayette for another home, where his humiliation will be less poignant. The sons, too, feel the shame of their position, and seek to comfort the bereaved husband and father.

In the sand the very words that were in the justice's mind.

The fakir next stretched out his hand toward a huge bronze vase, filled with water, and weighing several hundred pounds. In five minutes the vase began to move, approaching the fakir with a slow, regular motion. When the distance between the vase and the paper had been considerably diminished, the vase began to emit loud, metallic sounds, as if struck with an iron rod. Occasionally, the noise would resemble the roar of a fire.

## PASSING OF HAWAIIAN PRINCESS

THERE is one name which, when spoken in Honolulu, or, indeed, in any part of the Hawaiian Islands, brings a tender look to every face, a look which is like the reverent lifting of a hat. That name is Kaulani.

Born to wealth and station, reared with every advantage, beautiful and beloved, Princess Kaulani passed early to the royal mausoleum to sleep with her ancestors.

I walked one day in wide spreading grounds, under the shadow of lordly palms, where her childhood was spent. Tropical vines, flowering in audacious colors, hung bold arms about unresisting trees and made a riot of strange bloom.

Splendid peacocks swept down the spacious paths, beside the handsome white-haired host, as he came to greet his guests. Soft fountains played and refreshed the air with cooling sounds. The month was February, the weather July.

We sat under a wonderful banyan tree, made historic by the pen of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Later we slipped tea in a great room filled with portraits of kings, queens, princes and princesses, rulers and potentates, all interesting from an historical point of view, but one, oft repeated, from childhood to young womanhood, of few peculiar and pathetic interest.

Kaulani, daughter of our stately host, Governor Clegg, and his wife, Likelike, sister to the late King, Kaulani was heir apparent to the throne of Hawaii, and she had grown from childhood to young womanhood, thinking of herself as a future queen.

Governor Clegg had made his magnificent estate what he deemed a suitable home for a coming queen, and he had sent Kaulani to Scotland and England and France to educate her as befit her position. While she was abroad the great change

came to the Hawaiian Islands, which turned them from a kingdom to a territory of the United States.

Kaulani was only a young girl; she was not a philosopher or a deep student of altruistic forms of government, and so the blow fell upon her with severity; it destroyed her dearest hope, her most cherished ambition, and one year after annexation she died.

Everybody in Honolulu and in the Hawaiian Islands loved "Princess Kaulani." When she went away to Scotland to attend school Robert Louis Stevenson wrote in her tribute, "Forth from her land to mine she goes. The island maid, the island girl, the light of heart and bright of face. The daughter of a double race. Her islands here in Southern sun. Shall mourn their Kaulani gone; And I, in her dear banyan shade, Look vainly for my little maid. But our Scots island, far away, Shall glitter with unwonted day; And cast for once their tempests by, To smile in Kaulani's eye."

And to these pretty lines, Mr. Stevenson appended this exquisite bit of prose, more poetical than his poetry, as always was his prose:

"Written in April to Kaulani, in the April of her age, and at Walkiki, within easy walk of Kaulani's Banyan. When she comes to my land and her fathers, and the rain beats upon the window (as I fear it will), let her look at this page—it will be like a weed, gathered and pressed at home, and she will remember her islands and the shadow of the mighty tree, and she will hear the peacock's screaming in the dusk and the wind blowing in the palms, and she will think of her father sitting there alone."

That was written in 1899—and the father of Kaulani still sits there alone.

As we walked under the great banyan tree and down the avenues bor-

dered by wonderful palms, and every species of tree and vine and flower shrub known in the tropics, Governor Clegg's said softly: "I selected all these trees and arranged these grounds for Kaulani. I wanted the domain to be a rest home for her, and these walks to give her cool shade in her promenades."

But only visitors walk now where Kaulani's slender feet trod for a few brief years. "She died of rheumatism of the heart," her father said, a year after the annexation of Hawaii. "You see, she had been educated with the idea and expectation of becoming Queen. She was the nearest in line and had been officially announced her apparent. It was hard for all Hawaiians to accept the passing of the monarchy, even those who realized that it was inevitable and for the best. It was particularly hard for Kaulani, who had been reared with the expectation of becoming our Queen."

"It might really be said that she died of annexation. Her interest in life passed with the monarchy." Everywhere were portraits of Kaulani. She was beautiful, as are almost all these "daughters of a double race."

The Polynesian blood, mingled with that of the English, Scotch, American or Irish, produces a peculiarly attractive type of beauty, and education and culture had added their refining charm to the young princess.

As we walked down the long avenue, followed by the haughty peacocks, who seemed to want convincing that we were not loitering in the grounds, a penetrating melancholy permeated the sunshine of the brilliant day, and never did like speak more clearly of the transient nature of happiness which is based on human ambitions.

Later in the day we stood by the royal mausoleum, where Princess Kaulani lies buried beside her mother and father, the late King of the Hawaiian Islands, and other members of the royal family, and again the words of the old Persian poet came to mind.

"And this, too, shall pass away." Yet somewhere, I am sure, the spirit of Kaulani has realized its dream, and somewhere she is ascending thrones. For to each of us, in God's good time, must be given our hearts' desire.

## BIG HOLE WOLVES MOST WARY ANIMALS

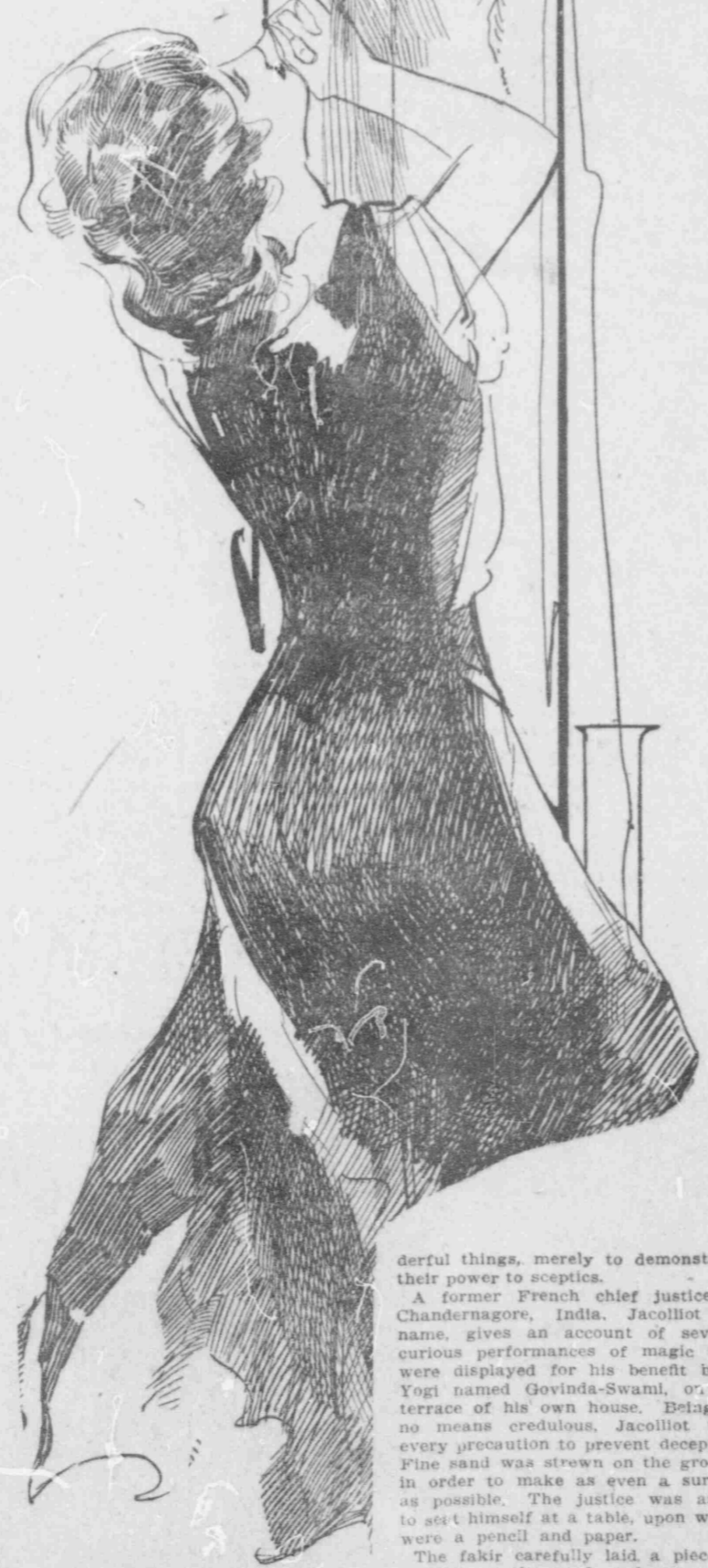
One of the prominent men of the Big Hole section who was in the city expressed the opinion that there were only a few wolves left in that country, says the Anaconda Standard, but that the few made it mighty interesting for the stockmen. He says these wolves are very hard to trap, refuse to take poison, and that the most expert hunter might try for weeks without getting within rifle shot of one.

"There are not more than a dozen wolves in the whole watershed of the Big Hole river," said this gentleman. "And one of the best hunters in this country, Fred Francis, who is familiar with every nook and corner in the valley, is of the opinion there are not more than half a dozen. I am willing to admit, however, the few there are make life a burden for the stockmen and keep them in constant fear of a midnight raid on their animals."

"Wolves kill for the sport of killing, and it is seldom an animal survives after being bitten by a wolf, the merest nip usually proving fatal. Only one wolf has been killed there in the last two months and that one was trapped by Fred Francis. Its capture was merely a matter of luck."

"Every man in the Big Hole carries a rifle, whether on horseback or traveling with a team to trade at a store or attend church. In anticipation of getting an opportunity to kill a wolf and secure the big bounty offered for the scalp. Two of the prominent ranchmen and stockmen who reside near Chalk Bluffs have secured several hundred dollars in subscriptions from the ranchmen to pay a bounty of \$25 for each wolf scalp in addition to the bounty of \$50 paid by the State. It is said that not more than twenty wolves have been killed in the basin during the last six years, but in that time thousands of dollars' worth of stock has been destroyed by these pests."

"So far as known, only one wolf has been poisoned in the Big Hole, and that was thirteen years ago. They are more wary and cunning than a fox, and can smell a trap a mile away."



derful things, merely to demonstrate their power to sceptics.

A former French chief justice in Chandernagore, India, Jacolliot by name, gives an account of several curious performances of magic that were displayed for his benefit by a Yogi named Govinda-Swami, on the terrace of his own house. Being by no means credulous, Jacolliot took every precaution to prevent deception. Fine sand was strewn on the ground, in order to make as even a surface as possible. The justice was asked to set himself at a table, upon which were a pencil and paper.

The fakir carefully laid a piece of wood upon the sand, and announced that whatever figures Jacolliot might draw on the paper would be transcribed precisely upon the sand by the piece of wood. The Yogi stretched out his hand; and the wooden piece immediately copied upon the sand the most complicated and twisted figures that Jacolliot drew. When the Frenchman stopped writing, the piece of wood also came to a standstill.

### Read Words in His Mind.

The fakir stood at a distance against a wall, while the justice held the paper and pencil in such a way that what he was writing. Finally, the Indian asked Jacolliot to think of some words in Sanskrit, whereupon the piece of wood instantly traced

sult of acts performed, and when both have thus obtained the same degree of purity, the Yogi obtains eternal liberation.

This is the religion that Mrs. Stone has adopted. But enough of technicalities. In practical demonstration the Yogi have made their faith one of which the world stands in awe. And their demonstrations are truly remarkable, puzzling and mystifying in the extreme to all who have believed them. As a matter of fact, these demonstrations are strictly forbidden to the priests, when given for show, but, as they are a part of the religious observances, they have been witnessed frequently by foreigners.

### Demonstrate Their Powers.

In some instances, however, the demonstrations have been removed, and the Yogi have done the most won-

## VERY FEW SURVIVED DEATH VALLEY TRIP

John B. Colton, one of four survivors of the "Jayhawkers" who wandered through Death Valley in 1849, arrived in Los Angeles recently from Lodi, where he attended the reunion of survivors.

There were present E. Dow Steens, of San Jose, eighty-five years old; Mrs. Julia W. Brier, of Lodi, ninety-four years old, and Colton, who gives his age as "upwards of forty-seven." John Grossep, of Latonville, the other member, was unable to be present.

Colton, who lives in Kansas City, made the long journey from there on purpose to meet his comrades who made that terrible desert journey. "The reunion brings the awful march through Death Valley very vividly to my mind," said he. "We began to hold our reunions in 1872. One by one the members have passed away. Soon it will be our turn. We may never hold another reunion."

"I have told the story of our wanderings many times. It would take a day to give you much of an idea of all we passed through. Thirty-six of us left Galesburg, Ill., in 1849. We arrived at Salt Lake City in August. There we first learned the loss of the Donner party the previous winter. Of course, all travel at that time was toward the Golden Gate. We had heard glowing accounts of the fabulous amount of gold in far-off California, awaiting the pick

and shovel of the miner. We were all miners in those days.

"After consulting experienced hunters and guides, we determined that the season was too far advanced to undertake the northerly overland route. We secured Captain Hunt as a guide and set out for the Santa Fe trail, with 107 ox wagons and a large party of men and women. Finally we reached Little Salt Lake. There some of us young fellows decided on striking out across the desert. We aimed to bring up in the San Joaquin valley. Well, we separated, and began our march. Later the rest of the party followed our trail."

"We came to a high cliff which seemed totally to bar our way, and the majority of the party became discouraged and turned back. We Jayhawkers and a few stragglers at last found a way round and descended safely to the valley. By degrees the stragglers became left in the rear. Their bones now whiten the plains. None returned to Salt Lake City."

"At first the journey was not unpleasant for persons accustomed to roughing it. But food was poor and scarce. Water was infrequent. We became disheartened, but realized that it was impossible to turn back. We fixed our gaze on the distant mountains and plodded along. It was often a five days' journey between water holes, and the liquid was strongly impregnated with alkali. After a while we abandoned our

carts and carried our scanty stores of provisions and necessities in packs. "The edge of Death Valley" was at length reached. Desperate and footsore, we began the terrible journey across it. Four of our number died on the way. Our beasts of burden became living skeletons. We gradually killed the poor oxen and devoured the entire carcasses, hide and entrails, and even boiled the hoofs and made soup of the unsavory mess."

"At last we sighted the Sierra Madre range. We skirted down its forbidding sides for several days without water; then we struck the Santa Clara river, which flows into the sea near Ventura. "By this time all the party were emaciated and near to death. We wandered along as in a haze. Each hour we thought might prove the last. One who has never experienced hunger and thirst on the desert cannot imagine our sufferings. We were reduced to actual skin and bone. Men who had left Salt Lake City weighing nearly 200 pounds tipped the scales at less than sixty pounds when they finally reached the Rancho San Francisco, February 4, 1850. We were found by some herders who had never experienced hunger and thirst on the desert cannot imagine our sufferings. We were reduced to actual skin and bone. Men who had left Salt Lake City weighing nearly 200 pounds tipped the scales at less than sixty pounds when they finally reached the Rancho San Francisco, February 4, 1850. 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